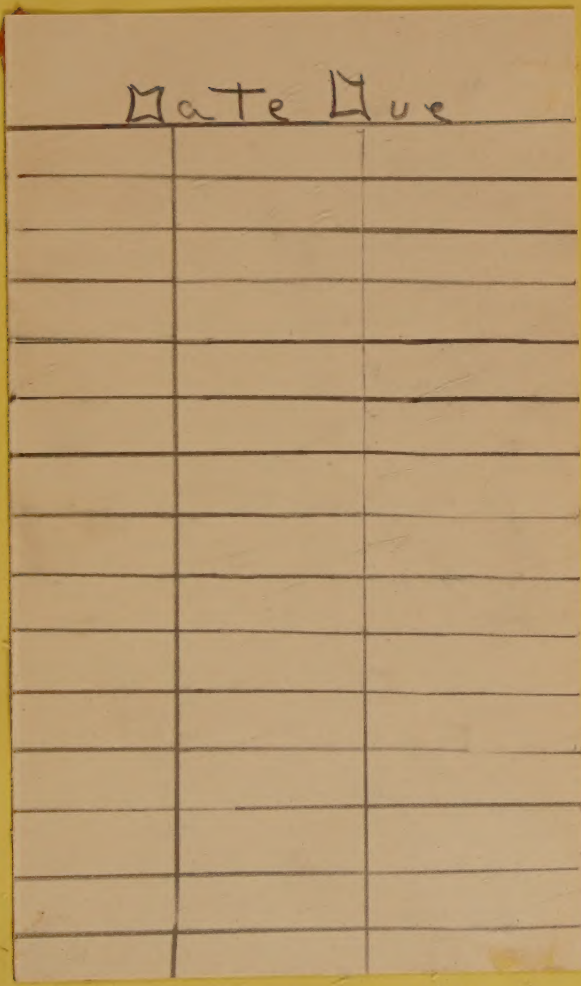
HERE, THERE and EVERYWHERE

DOROTHY ALDIS


Date Due

HERE, THERE *and* EVERYWHERE

HERE, THERE *and* EVERYWHERE

by

DOROTHY ALDIS

Author of EVERYTHING *and* ANYTHING

Drawings by

MARJORIE FLACK

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY

NEW YORK : : : 1928

COPYRIGHT, 1927, 1928,
BY
DOROTHY ALDIS

Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

TO PEGGY AND RUTH

When one stops crying
The other begins;
And nobody can ever find
Enough safety pins—
Oh, they said we'd have a baby but
A BABY ISN'T TWINS!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author acknowledges with thanks the courtesy of the editors of *Child Life,* "A Line o' Type or Two" of the *Chicago Tribune,* and "The Three Owls" of the New York *Herald Tribune* for permission to reprint certain of the poems included in this book.

CONTENTS

Ducks	3
Blum	5
Grown-up People	7
For Christmas	9
Squirrel, Squirrel	11
The Sad Shoes	13
Troubles	15
About Buttons	17
Asleep	19
Nice Food	21
Lovely Lion	23
Good	25
Bad	27
Bursting	29
The Grasshoppers	31
The Dandelion's Hair	33
Rain	35
Dangerous	37
Underneath	39
Mary Anne's Luncheon	41
I Am	45
The Balloon Man	47

A Need 49
The Little Hat 51
Eating Candy 53
The Hungry Waves 55
The Dollies' Tea Party 57
The Dolly's Evening 59
The Easter Rabbit 61
Rolling Down a Hill 62
Proud Jane 65
Careful Jane 67
Strange 69
In the Morning 71
It Was 73
All About It 75
Whistles 77
Quite Busy 79
A Loss 81
The Why Girl 83
A Long Time Ago 85
When I Cook 87
My Nose 89
Alone 91
Awake 93
What They Are For 95
The Secret Place 97
After Supper 99

HERE, THERE *and* EVERYWHERE

DUCKS

A pillow's good for somersaults.
Or a sofa. Or a bed.
But when a duck stands upside down
He likes a puddle for his head.

BLUM

Dog means dog,
And cat means cat;
And there are lots
Of words like that.

A cart's a cart
To pull or shove,
A plate's a plate,
To eat off of.

But there are other
Words I say
When I am left
Alone to play.

Blum is one.
Blum is a word
That very few
Have ever heard.

I like to say it,
"Blum, Blum, Blum"—
I do it loud
Or in a hum.

All by itself
It's nice to sing:
It does not mean
A single thing.

GROWN-UP PEOPLE

They like it sitting straight in chairs,
They like it talking quietly,
They like it walking down the stairs,
Instead of bump
ing
down
like
me.

FOR CHRISTMAS

I want a Puppy Dog
Not made of wool.
I want a Kitty Cat
I don't have to wind.
I want a Nanny Goat
I don't have to pull;
And I want an Elephant
Can sit DOWN behind.

SQUIRREL, SQUIRREL

Squirrel, squirrel, in the park,
Your tail is like a question mark.

Your little nose is black and bright;
Your eyes are glimmering with light.

When you run, you run in jumps,
Up the trees, around the stumps,

Over the grass and clover, then
Scooting up the trees again.

Squirrel, squirrel, stop and see
What I brought along with me:

Something that is brown and sweet,
Something that you like to eat.

Squirrel, *don't* you understand?
Here's a peanut in my hand.

THE SAD SHOES

My shoes are lying on the floor.
They are not very new,
And I can't wear them any more
Because the holes came through.

They had a lovely time today
Scrabbling up a tree:
Tomorrow they'll be thrown away
And cannot play with me.

They won't be here to lace or clean.
I wonder if they know.
I think perhaps they do—they lean
Upon each other so.

TROUBLES

Stockings are a trouble—so many times my toes
Try to climb in where a heel generally goes.

And mittens are not easy, for lots of days my thumbs
Go wandering and crawling into other finger's homes.

But rubbers are the hardest because, it seems to me,
I always put one rubber where the other one should be.

ABOUT BUTTONS

Every button has a door
Which opens wide to let him in;
But when he rolls upon the floor,
Because he's tired of where he's been
And we can't find him any more,
We use a pin.

ASLEEP

When he's asleep
He never knows
If it rains
Or if it snows;

If the stars
Are in the sky,
Or if a wind
Is hurrying by.

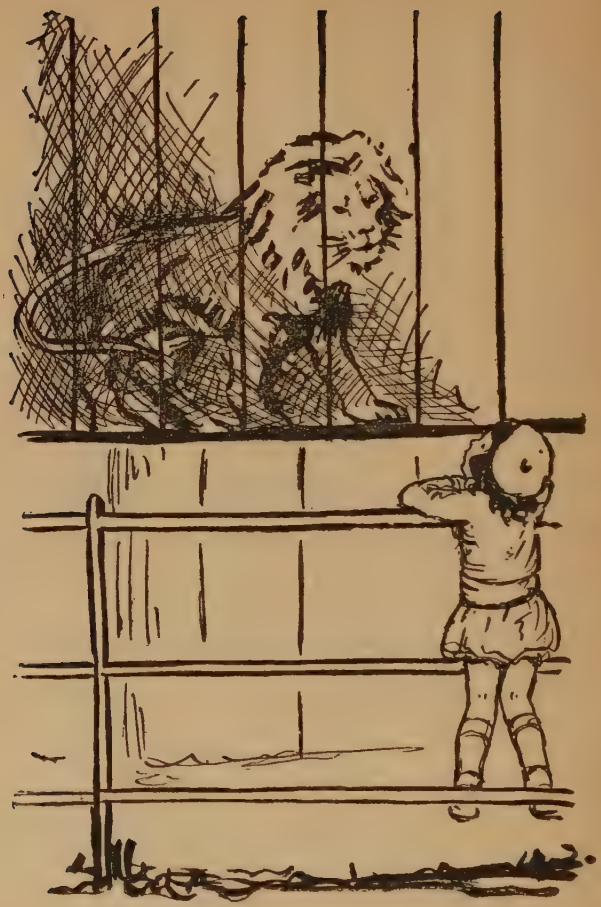
His little room
Is cool and dim:
He does not feel
Her kissing him.

NICE FOOD

Spinach and cereal,
Junket and rice—
Those are my luncheons.
And they are Nice.

"Eat your nice spinach"—
That's what they say.
"Eat your nice cereal;
Then you may play."

But when there's something
CHOCOLATE and good,
Nobody tells me
To eat my nice food.



LOVELY LION

Lovely Lion in the zoo,
Walking by on padded feet
To and fro and fro and to,
Are you wondering what to eat?
Would you like a bowl of stew,
Or a juicy steak, or would
A great big bone be fun to chew?

Or do you think that I look good?

GOOD

I ate my breakfast up and took
My bristling toothbrush from its hook.

I brushed my teeth and didn't get
Down the front so very wet.

I put my playthings all away
Before I went outdoors to play.

On the street I didn't shout.
I didn't hump or jump about.

And everybody came and stood
And smiled at me—I was so good.

BAD

I've been bad and I'm in bed
For the naughty things I said.

I'm in bed. I wish I had
Not said those things that were so bad.

I wish that I'd been good instead.
But I was bad. And I'm in bed.

BURSTING

We've laughed until my cheeks are tight;
We've laughed until my stomach's sore—
If we could only stop we might
Remember what we're laughing for.

THE GRASSHOPPERS

High
Up
Over the top
Of feathery grasses the
Grasshoppers hop.
They won't eat their suppers;
They will not obey
Their grasshopper mothers
And fathers, who say:
"Listen, my children,
This must be stopped—
Now is the time your last
Hop should be hopped;
So come eat your suppers
And go to your beds—"
But the little green grasshoppers
Shake their green heads.
"No,
No—"
The naughty ones say,
"All we have time to do
Now is to play.
If we want supper we'll
Nip at a fly

Or nibble a blueberry
As we go by;
If we feel sleepy we'll
Close our eyes tight
And snoozle away in a
Harebell all night.
But not
Now.
Now we must hop.
And nobody,
NOBODY,
Can make us stop."

THE DANDELION'S HAIR

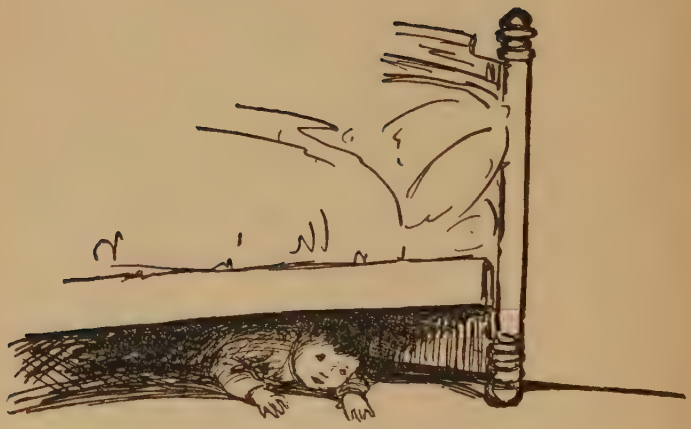
A dandelion's hair turns white
And blows off on a windy night,
And then each little head that was
So curly looks like grandpapa's.

RAIN

Raining again,
And raining again,
Freckles of rain on the
Window pane,
Pricks in the puddles
As bright as a pin
Stop and begin and then
Stop and begin;
John flats his nose on the
Window pane,
Watching and watching and
Watching the rain:
John can't remember
He's ever been
Any place else but
Always in.

DANGEROUS

When we're
Hunting
We explore
Squares upon the
Kitchen floor;
We must
Get from
Here to there
Without touching
Anywhere;
For this
Square is
Safe for us——
But that one is
Dangerous.



UNDERNEATH

Inside bed's a snuggling place,
The blankets feel so tight
And the sheets against my face
Are always cool and white.

But underneath a bed is strange.
Looking out from there
All the nursery seems to change
To almost anywhere.

Maybe to a jungle or
The bottom of the sea:
It isn't my room anymore—
And I'm not me.

MARY ANNE'S LUNCHEON

Here comes Mary Anne
With a shining clean face.
She tucks in her bib
And climbs in her place,

And says quite politely,
"I'm ready now, cook,"
And looks at us all
With a very pleased look.

For we are her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,
And we're all going down to visit her tummy.

The Poached Egg says: I'm a poached egg.
I sit on my toast
And wonder which fork prick
Will tickle the most.

And the Milk says: I am the milk
In her own little cup;
And soon Mary Anne
Will drink me all up.

For we are her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,
And we're all going down to visit her tummy.

And the Carrots say:
We are the carrots.
We like little girls,
And when we're inside them
We grow rows of curls.

And the Custard says:
I am the custard,
Who makes a quick trip
Off the edge of her spoon
With a slide and a slip.

Oh, we are her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,
And we're all going down to visit her tummy.

Then the Egg speaks again, very sadly:
Oh, what a fork prick!
Oh, what a thrust!
My beautiful yellow
Middle is bust.

And the Milk says:
I'm almost all gone
Down her little red lane—
In a minute her cup
Will be empty again.

And the Carrots speak cheerfully:
Just one more bite
Of us carrots to chew,
And then pretty soon
Mary Anne will be through.

And the Custard sounds surprised:

It's certainly strange
The way I disappear:
I WAS in her saucer
And now I am here.

Oh, we once were her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,
But now we are all dancing round in her tummy.

Then good Mary Anne
Gets down from the table,
And folds up her bib
As well as she's able.

She walks very straight
So as not to upset;
And she's glad that it isn't
Her supper time yet.

I AM

I am a Bridge
From one bed to another;
I am a Whale
With frightened fish to chase;
I am a Boat
Sailing round my mother—

How can I be a little boy
And wash my hands and face?

THE BALLOON MAN

Our balloon man has balloons.
He holds them on a string.
He blows his horn and walks about
Through puddles, in the spring.

He stands on corners while they bob
And tug above his head—
Green balloons and blue balloons
And yellow ones, and red.

He takes our pennies and unties
The two we choose; and then
He turns around, and waves his hand,
And blows his horn again.

A NEED

I need a little stick when I
Go walking up the street
To poke in cracks when I go by
And point at sea gulls in the sky
And whack at trees we meet.

I need a stick to zim along
The fences that we see—
It makes a funny kind of song,
Sort of like a dinner gong
And sort of like a bee.

I need a stick for dragging through
The gravel in the park—
It makes a lovely curlycue.
And then of course I need one too
For when it's getting dark.

I do not think that there can be
Any doubt about it:
I NEED a little stick with me.
I cannot walk without it.

THE LITTLE HAT

I lost my little
Hat that had
Ribbons round and
Round it.

And it made me
Very sad. . . .
And I never
Found it.

EATING CANDY

We like to lick a candy stick
Until it's sharp enough to prick,

And lemon drops we always tuck
Way inside our cheeks and suck.

Then they last us nice and long—
BITING them is what is wrong;

But the only thing to do
With a caramel is chew.

THE HUNGRY WAVES

The hungry waves along the shore
Chase each other with a roar.

They raise their heads and, wide and high,
Toss their hair against the sky.

They show their teeth in rows of white
And open up their jaws to bite.

THE DOLLIES' TEA PARTY

When we have tea I like to sit
And hold the pot and pour;
There isn't any tea in it—
But still there's always more.

And when I say, "You'll have some cream?"
Or "Are four lumps too many?"
They're so polite—they never seem
To know there isn't any.

And when an empty plate is passed
They gobble up the cookies fast.

THE DOLLY'S EVENING

I wash her hands
Till they are white,
And shine her cheeks
Till they are bright.
I tuck her in
So warm and tight,
Put up the screen
And fix the light
(She likes things done
EXACTLY right),
And kiss her nose
And say good night.

THE EASTER RABBIT

The Easter Rabbit keeps a very
Cheerful hen that likes to lay
Blue and red and green and yellow
Eggs for him on Easter day.

He puts the eggs inside his basket
With a lot of other things—
Bunnies wth pink ears and whiskers,
Little ducks with tickling wings.

Then on tip-toe he comes hopping,
Hiding secrets everywhere—
Speckled eggs behind the mirror,
Sugar bird-nests in the chair.

If we saw him we would give him
Tender lettuce leaves to eat—
But he slips out very softly
On his pussywillow feet.

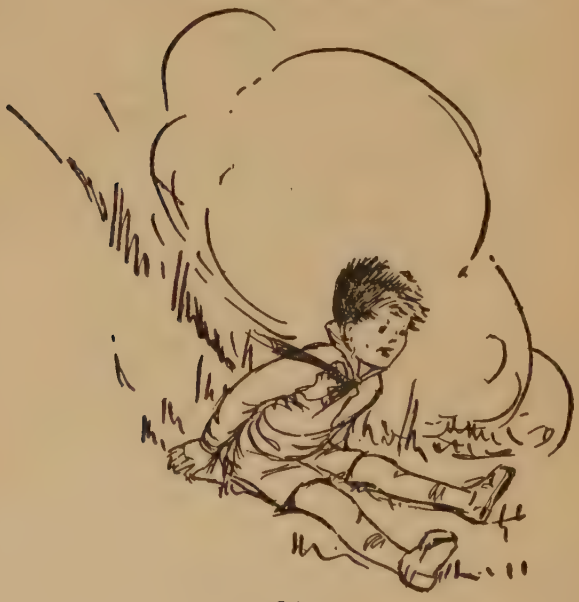
ROLLING DOWN A HILL

Rolling
Down a
Hill my
Head
Turns in—
To my
Feet in-
Stead;

And the
Grasstops
And the
Sky
Tangle
Up as
I go
By.

Then they
Straighten
Out once
More
And look the
Way they
Did be-
Fore.

My feet are
Where they
Used to
Be——
My head is back on top of me!



PROUD JANE

Jane's too old
To have a pusher;
Jane's too old
To take a nap;
Jane has forks
With fingers on them
Jane wears napkins
In her lap.

CAREFUL JANE

Some holes are for
Crawling into;
Other holes for
Falling into.
That's why Jane when
She goes walking
Minds-her-feet and
Stops-her-talking.

STRANGE

In winter time when we go out
We wear galoshes on our feet,
And sometimes when we're shoveling snow
We meet our mother on the street.

Its very queer to meet her there.
She wears a coat and muff and hat.
When she's at home and doing things
She does not look like that.

We never say so very much.
We only kind of look at her.
We are not in our home at all.
But then she smiles as though we were!

IN THE MORNING

Our father always shaves his face
Excepting in the bristles place;

When he's going down the stairs
He's sometimes mice and sometimes bears;

At breakfast time he eats two eggs
And holds his napkin on his legs,

And then he reaches up so high
We stand on chairs to say good-bye.

IT WAS

When he came to tuck me in
And pat me on the head
He tried to guess (he always does)
Who was in my bed.

"Is it Sally?" he guessed first,
"Or her sister Joan?
It's such a wriggling little girl
It couldn't be my own.

"It can't be Mary Ann," he said,
"Or Deborah because
All their eyes are much too blue—
MY GOODNESS ME, I THINK IT'S YOU!"
And he was right. It was.

ALL ABOUT IT

A mother cat thinks necks are for
Lifting kittens from the floor;

And rabbit mothers are so queer:
They lift their children by an ear.

I'm glad our baby has a mummy
Who holds him nicely by the tummy.

She says when he's a little older
She'll hold him higher on her shoulder

Because an older baby tries
To keep his head on when he cries.

Now it wobbles quite a bit,
And he wears no hair on it.

Still she doesn't think, she said,
He'd look as nice without his head.

WHISTLES

I want to learn to whistle.
I've always wanted to.
I fix my mouth to do it but
The whistle won't come through.

I think perhaps it's stuck, and so
I try it once again.
Can people swallow whistles?
Where is my whistle then?

QUITE BUSY

Here are some games I like to play:
When shoes are around I take them away.

When drawers are open I put shoes in—
They like to be where they've never been.

When papers are on a desk or chair
I move them quickly away from there.

When I find candles or soap or ink
I taste them so as to see what I think.

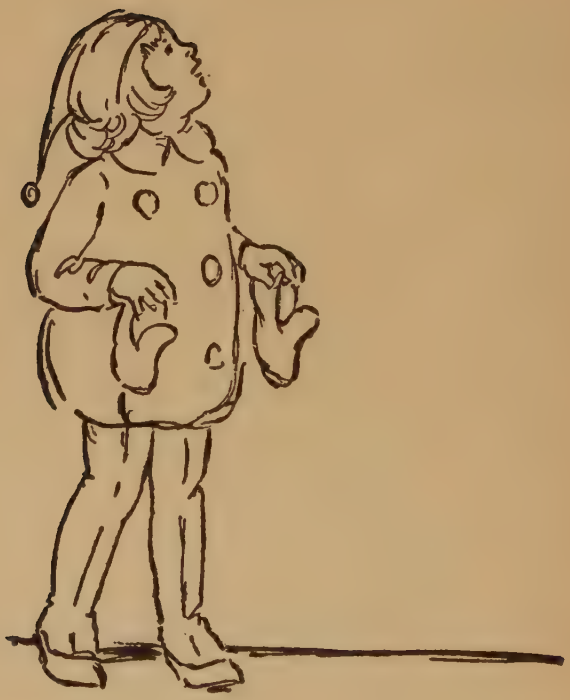
There are a great many things to do—
Things to uncover and cover up too,

And things that are sitting high up on a shelf
To try very hard to pull down on myself.

A LOSS

A tooth that's chewed so cheerfully
Through so many chops
And plates of peas and carrots, why,
It's horrid when he stops.

He's wabbling rather badly and
Is dangerous to touch—
Oh, when he's gone I will not like
Another tooth as much!



THE WHY GIRL

Her nursie said to put them on
And Jane said, "Why?"
"Because you need your rubbers on
To keep your feet dry—"
THAT'S what her nursie said.
And Jane said, "Why?"

"Because," said her nursie then,
"A child who does not try
To do as she is told without
Forever asking why
Will surely have a dreadful thing
Happen by and by:
WE'LL TAKE HER RUBBERS FROM HER!"

And Jane said, "Why?"

A LONG TIME AGO

My saucer had a spoon and cup,
My tea-pot had a top,
My music when I wound it up
Didn't want to stop.

My pail had paint when it was new
And never used to leak;
My rubber kitten had a mew—
My little lamb a squeak.

WHEN I COOK

I don't need a cooking book
When I go outdoors to cook.

Acorns filled with yellow berries
Make delicious pies for fairies.

Spider webs are nice for making
Frosting when I do my baking.

Pine cone cakes are what I frosten
And we eat them very often.

In the woods are wet brown mosses
For ice cream with chocolate sauces.

And no matter where I look
I can't find any prunes to cook.

MY NOSE

It doesn't breathe;
It doesn't smell;
It doesn't feel
So very well.

I am discouraged
With my nose:
The only thing it
Does is blows.

ALONE

There were some children out today,
And I stood and watched them play
From near the tree.

They knew a game of running round
And lying flat upon the ground
And peeking up to see.

I only stood and watched them play.
I did not know their names. And they
Did not know me.

AWAKE

Once when I
Was sick I lay
Wide awake
Till it was day.

And when the dark
Was getting light
My mirror looked
So pale and white.

The pictures hanging
On the wall
I could not even
See at all.

Just their frames
Looked Big and Black
Waiting for them
To come back.

WHAT THEY ARE FOR

Curbstones are to balance on
Far from the ground,
Railings are to slide upon
And trees for running round.

Fences are for wriggling through,
Cracks and holes to hop,
And, though she does not like us to,
Puddles are to plop.

THE SECRET PLACE

Half way up our apple tree
There's a place belongs to me
Where two branches make a chair
And I like it sitting there,
With apple blossoms all about
And bees buzz-bumping in and out.

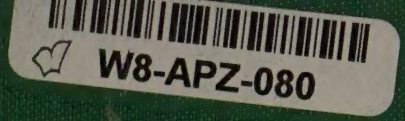
People wonder where I go
When I'm out but they don't know.
They don't know about my tree
For the place belongs to me,
And if they ever climbed to it
It would not fit! It would not fit!

AFTER SUPPER

Let's not pretend we're anywhere;
Let's only sit here in this chair.

I don't want to play that we
Are sailors sailing on the sea,
Or pirates in a pirates' cave
Or even lions being brave.

I'm feeling very nice and near.
Let's just be here.


W8-APZ-080